

HERO TALES

EIGHT STORIES OF WORKERS IN TURKEY

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FOR JUNIOR CHILDREN

THE AMERICAN BOARD

THE WOMAN'S BOARDS

FOREWORD

THESE eight stories of missionaries in Turkey have been written especially for use in the Junior Department of the Church School. They are part of a set of graded missionary material "Congregational Pilgrims in Turkey" prepared for our schools for the fall of 1919.

It is especially fitting for us to study Turkey, our greatest mission field, when it is so much in the public eye. We Congregationalists are almost solely responsible for the missionary work being done in all Turkey, north of Syria. Moreover, this is the centennial year of our entrance into Turkey, for in November, 1819, Pliny Fiske and Levi Parsons sailed from Boston to survey conditions and advise regarding establishing a mission. This first century has been a marvelous one, but the second one promises even greater things. The remnant of the Armenian nation, tried as by fire, is ready for the new day and—still more wonderful—the door into Moslem homes and hearts is open as never before for Christian work.

A whole "Book of Heroes" might be written to include every worker in that war-swept field, but in this pamphlet we have attempted to give sketches of only eight who have had a share in the terrible experiences and glorious sacrifices of the last four years. To show our boys and girls what whole-hearted service to Christ is and to stir in them the desire to enlist in that service is the first purpose of this pamphlet.

The stories are planned for use by the department Superintendent before the department as a whole. Where that is not feasible individual teachers may use them in their classes. In either case, the stories should be told, not read. The teacher should make them her own by frequent reading and tell them with enthusiasm. The spirit of the tale and not merely its phraseology is the important thing. The effectiveness of these stories will be increased if a map is used as suggested in the leaflet "How to Make."

To Tercentenary Schools, enrolled under the Chart Plan, this pamphlet is sent as a part of their course of instruction. It is hoped, however, that many Tercentenary Schools will prefer to use the complete set of graded material, including stories for Primary children and special programs for the Intermediate and Senior boys and girls.

Our ultimate aim in using these stories is to lead our boys and girls to a desire to serve the peoples of Turkey among whom these heroes have lived. That service may begin now, not only through gifts of money but through "handwork." Encourage the saving of pictures of all sizes, post cards (for Christmas, Easter, birthdays or those which bear upon history and geography lessons); Bible pictures, Christmas tree decorations; pieces of gingham for patchwork and bean bags; bits of ribbon or lace. Many other things may be made into articles useful in the work on the mission field. (For fuller information regarding handwork write to any of the Boards issuing these stories.) Such gifts will be serviceable to the missionaries in their work with the children, and the preparation of them will be of real educational value to our own boys and girls.

When it comes to gifts of money we should still keep in mind the education of our young people. The danger is that in our grown-up zeal for a cause we shall exploit them. We need to remind ourselves that the immediate return in dollars and cents is not our chief aim. Our aim is to develop the spirit of giving in these boys and girls. To that end their gifts of money should be their own,—money earned or saved, and not passed to them by their parents. An attractive coin card has been prepared for use during the weeks when these stories are being presented. Into that each pupil may tuck his money and at Christmas time the funds gathered may be divided equally between the American Board and the Woman's Board. Specific pieces of work in Turkey will be set aside for these gifts.

Boston, Massachusetts
July, 1919

HERO TALES OF WORKERS IN TURKEY

I.

"THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN"

I wonder if anyone here has ever felt that he would like to be a physician. Some of you boys—and perhaps some of you girls—must have. Wouldn't it be a joy to be able to help suffering people in hospitals, to go into homes through the city, perhaps into very poor homes, and give health and strength to little children? And then, after years of service like that, you might be spoken of as Paul once spoke of his dear friend Luke. You remember what he called him,—“the beloved physician.”

Today I am going to tell you about another beloved physician who spent more than thirty years in one city. You cannot guess where it was, so I will tell you. It was in Aintab (ain-tahb'), Turkey, not far from Paul's home city, Tarsus. Dr. Shepard was the physician's name. He went to Turkey in 1882 to develop the medical work which had been started there. Curiously enough the name Aintab means “Fount of Healing.” To thousands and thousands in that region it has been just that because of what Dr. Shepard has done.

At first, he helped to build up a medical department in the college there, where young Armenian men were trained as physicians. But later his whole time was spent in the hospital or out in the villages.

Have you any idea how many physicians there are in our city? And nurses? And hospitals? And druggists? We have so many people to help care for the sick that it is hard for us to realize what it would be like to be almost the only educated physician in a whole province, with millions of people around who had never known a kind physician's care. Two thousand villages lie within easy reach of Aintab and in all these Dr. Shepard was known and loved.

What stories he could tell of his journeys through the mountains! On his trusty Arab steed—for there was no other means of traveling about—he rode through the mountain passes, forded streams, faced robbers. One year he rode 3,000 miles on horseback in ten months. Many a clinic was held by the roadside or under a friendly roof in some poor village. In the hospital at Aintab, Dr. Shepard averaged about 500 major operations a year, and it was not uncommon to give as many as 45,000 treatments to dispensary patients from all parts of the country around. That means 125 each day of the year.

This would be the record of ordinary years. But in Turkey the years are not ordinary for long at a time. Epidemics and massacres of the Armenians have occurred all too frequently. And at such times Dr. Shepard was a tower of strength to those in need. After the massacre of 1909, he acted as chairman of one of the Government Relief Commissions. He looked out for the feeding of the starving, the rebuilding of the ruined homes, and started industries to help the people earn their living. To honor him for his work a high Turkish official was sent by the new Sultan to give Dr. Shepard a beautiful medal.

When the Great War came conditions around Aintab brought Dr. Shepard a great deal of extra care. He saw so much suffering which he could not meet that his kind heart was crushed. He wrote to a friend that he was tempted to take the next steamer to America rather than stay where there was so much suffering that he could not help.

But, of course, he did not come to America! He stayed at his post until called to Constantinople to help in the work there. Then back to Aintab he went. Thousands of Armenian refugees, driven from their homes by the Turkish officers, passed through the country near Aintab on their way to the desert. Sick, hungry, naked, cold—their condition was almost more than Dr. Shepard could bear. Then came the terrible epidemic of typhus fever. While caring for others the doctor himself took the disease and died just before Christmas, 1915.

When one of his close missionary friends heard of Dr. Shepard's death he exclaimed: "Turkey without Dr. Shepard!" We are told that in the region around Aintab where the doctor was so much loved, the people speak of the missionaries as "shipperts" because they belong to the same mission as Dr. Shepard. What finer tribute could they give?

Soon another Dr. Shepard will be in Aintab—"the fount of healing." He is Lorrin Shepard, the son of the beloved physician, and he is going to take up the work which his father laid down. Can you imagine how glad the people in the mountain villages will be to see him when he first rides in on his stalwart horse, as his father used to do? And how glad they will be to hear him speak to them in their own language which he has known from childhood! I feel sure that he, too, will be a beloved physician, don't you?

FROM SIVAS TO THE DESERT

Today we must locate on our map the city of Sivas (se-váhs) about 500 miles from Constantinople, and southeast from Samsoun (sam-sóon), for we are going to hear the story of a brave woman who has lived there for nearly twenty-five years. Sivas is an important city in Asia Minor and for that reason we have had missionaries there for about seventy years. They started churches and schools in the city and surrounding villages and a fine college and hospital in the city itself.

Five years ago, in the winter of 1914-1915, just after Turkey entered the Great War, the missionaries and Armenian Christians at Sivas were suffering greatly. The Turkish officials had ordered the Armenians to send their quota of soldiers into the Turkish army; they had taxed the Armenians heavily and had taken away their oxen, wagons and anything else wanted for the army. Every little while the Turkish officers would arrest an Armenian saying that he was not loyal to the government, and would put him in prison. The Armenians lived in fear of arrest constantly, and well they might, for by late spring in 1915 the Turkish officials became even more cruel and in one week put into prison as many as one thousand Armenians in Sivas alone without good reason for doing so.

Those were terrible days, but even worse ones followed. The Turkish officers hated the Armenians and had made up their minds to wipe out the whole race if possible. The plan was to send the Armenians away from their homes down into the desert at the south and let them die there. Early in July the orders came for the Armenians in Sivas to go. Without being given time to get ready for the long, hard journey, hundreds of families were loaded on ox-carts and started on the road. When the word came that the girls in the High School with many other people were to be sent away two days later, Miss Mary Graffam, our missionary and the principal of the Girls' School, made up her mind to go with them into exile. She had gone to Turkey to be their friend and helper. It seemed to her only right that she should go with them when they needed her help most. Perhaps, as an American, her influence with the officials would protect them from some hardship. But Miss Graffam had to get permission from the Vali (Governor) and he objected to her going. She persisted. When the Vali asked her why she wanted to go she replied: "They are my people. My school is closed; my pupils and teachers are going. I will take medicines and help them on their way." The Vali yielded.

On July 7th hundreds, including the school girls, started—girls who loved their homes just as dearly as you do and who were broken-hearted to be sent away into exile. But Miss Graffam went with them, carrying medicines, some money for relief work and as much food as possible. A few ox-wagons, donkeys and cows were taken along. Some of the girls rode in ox wagons; many walked, and as the sad procession went out of the city, Miss Graffam was in the rear, leading a cow which she had taken to provide milk for the sick.

How far have you boys and girls walked? Five miles? Ten miles? Did you feel tired? Perhaps you can imagine, then, what it would mean to have to walk hundreds of miles! And did you ever stay out over night, sleeping out of doors? Yes, some of you Boy Scouts have. But you had tents or cots or warm blankets, didn't you? And you wanted to do it!

The first night these Armenian girls and Miss Graffam were so tired that they just ate a piece of bread and slept on the ground wherever they could spread a blanket—if they had one! As they went farther and farther from Sivas the hardships grew worse. Sometimes the Turkish guards would go ahead to let a village know that the Armenians were coming and when the village was reached the people would come out and rob the Armenians. Blankets and rugs were taken; the donkeys which were used for pack animals and even the few cows were stolen in this way.

Out on the road exiles from other cities were met. At one place all the men in the company were separated from their families and sent off to prison and probably death. The women and girls trudged on under the hot sun, some days for hours without water. Many grew sick; some died. And at any time they might be attacked by the village people along the way.

All this time Miss Graffam was with her people, cheering and comforting them, until she came to Malatia, five days' journey from Sivas, where the Turkish officers refused to let her go on. Her appeal was in vain and she had to turn back to Sivas letting the people she loved go on to an unknown fate.

Since that time for four years Miss Graffam has been in Sivas, part of the time alone. She has kept the Girls' School open for the few Armenian girls who were left in the city. She has helped in the work for sick soldiers who crowded our mission hospital, which was seized by the Government. She has worked untiringly for the refugees and for all those in need whether they were Greeks, Armenians or Turks. Is it any wonder that in 1917 she was given the decoration of the Red Crescent Society (which is like our Red Cross Society) for "her self-devotion in the cause of the sick and ill-fated ones"?

A BOY SCOUT UNDER FIRE

When the Great War came in 1914 there was living in Van (Vahn), Turkey, a thirteen-year old American boy by the name of Neville Ussher. His father was an American surgeon in charge of the missionary hospital in Van, so Neville had spent all his life, except for one year in America, in this city of Armenians and Turks. Their home was in the American compound, or walled campus, set upon a hill. At that time the Americans in Van numbered nineteen, eleven grown-ups and eight boys and girls. Neville had two brothers and one sister, all younger than he.

About a year before the news of the war came, Neville read in some American magazines about the Boy Scouts and the interesting things they do. He wanted very much to be one himself so he wrote to America for a Manual, studied it very carefully, and then enrolled ten other boys in his troop—all Armenians. Next he translated the Scout law into their language, and persuaded one of the teachers in the school to become their Scout Master. All that year they worked, studying first aid as a specialty.

You have been hearing in the stories of Miss Graffam and Dr. Shepard about the suffering of the Armenian people. Things just like that, or worse, happened in the towns and villages around Van. When the news of the murdering of their people in these villages reached the Armenians at Van, their hearts were filled with fear, but they made up their minds to resist when their time came. They gathered bands of their young men together and armed them secretly.

One April morning a band of Turkish soldiers seized a young Armenian woman and her two children. Two Armenian men hurried to her rescue. The soldiers fired a shot at them and this was the beginning of real trouble. The Turks were looking for just this chance to say that they fired in self-defense. The guns of the Turkish quarter opened fire and the artillery on the fortress outside the city began dropping its shells into the Armenian quarter. All that night the firing continued. The next morning showed the city under siege. At every street corner on the edge of the Armenian part of the city stood a little band of Armenian men ready with guns set. The Turks were very much surprised for they had thought the people would be helpless.

How the Armenians worked! By night they built walls, joined house to house, dug trenches and threw up heavy outer walls against the Turkish artillery; but there were only 1,300 armed men in the Armenian section and

only 300 had guns. The rest were armed only with pistols, but they had to defend 30,000 people in all.

Of course, there were many things for the Americans to do. They helped the Armenians organize a government for the besieged city with mayor, judges and police. They cared for the wounded and sick, supplied food for the 6,000 people who had fled to them because their own homes were right on the firing line. They gave special attention to the hundreds of babies. To keep up the courage of the people, the Boys' School Band marched about the city playing military tunes.

What was the Boy Scouts' share in the long siege? They were appointed in the very beginning as sanitary police, for the people were afraid that disease might kill some of their fighting force. The Boy Scouts were also a fire patrol and inspection troop. They cared for the supply of drinking water and carried water to the men under fire. They reported the sick and carried the injured on stretchers to the hospital. They kept a constant watch for fire for they knew the Turks would, if possible, start a fire in that crowded section. They kept on constant watch for Turkish bullets to land and then dug them out by the thousands for the munition makers to melt and recast.

All this time the American Compound on the hill would have made a fine target for the huge guns of the Turkish fortress, but on the top of the Girls' School building floated the American flag and not even the Turks were bold enough to fire without cause on the flag of a neutral nation. So Jevdet Bey, the Governor, thought he could starve the Americans out. He sent crowds of women and children, whom he drove out of nearby towns and villages, to the Americans in Van, knowing that they would not refuse them shelter. Before long there were 15,000 of these homeless, hungry people added to the burdens of the besieged city. This gave still more work for the Boy Scouts. They now acted as a food committee. Mrs. Ussher and the other American women prepared sterilized milk and boiled eggs. Then the Boy Scouts collected all the bottles of every size and shape they could find. These they boiled to remove all the germs and filled them with the milk Mrs. Ussher gave them. With their pockets full of boiled eggs, and baskets of the bottles on their arms they went about feeding invalids and babies who could not get up to join the ever-increasing bread line.

There was only one hope for the city. The Russian troops were reported only fifty miles away. If only word could be sent to them and they could come in time all would be well. The defenders of Van began sending messengers out, many of them, in the hope that at least one might get through to the Russian border. Reports came back of the killing of several of these messengers. Had all been killed? That was the question. The Armenians could hold out only a little longer for the food was nearly gone. Suddenly one afternoon a shell from the Turkish fortress exploded in the American Compound. Another brought down the Red Cross flag on the hospital.

Five more landed in Mr. Yarrow's yard. What did it mean? Was it a mistake? Before that question could be answered one aimed apparently at the American flag made a great hole in the roof of the Girls' School. All the next day Neville's family and friends were under fire, but not one of them was killed. This sudden firing at American property proved to be a last angry farewell. The Turks were running away! A few days later the Russian army came marching into the city bringing great joy to those whom they had saved from death.

"All honor to the Boy Scouts," wrote Dr. Ussher. "They kept their heads in the day of victory." While the rest of the Armenians stopped work to rejoice, the Boy Scouts wasted not a minute. They spent day after day helping Dr. Ussher find the sick and wounded. They carried food and water and cared for the Turkish refugees now left to the mercy of the Armenians.

In the two months that followed Neville found much to do and it was a rather tired Boy Scout who learned from his father one day that a returning American had offered to take him to America where he planned to enter the high school. After a very few hours of hasty preparation Neville was saying good-by to his father and mother. Their way was very dangerous through troubled Russia to their own America. It was many months before Neville was joined there by his father and brothers and sister. He never saw his mother again, for she was the first of the Americans at Van to die under the strain of the last months there. After Neville left, an epidemic of typhus fever struck the city, brought by the Turkish refugees for whom the missionaries were caring. Mrs. Ussher gave her life for these poor women from whom she caught the disease.

The story could go on about how the Russians at last fled taking Armenians and Americans with them in headlong flight before a new Turkish advance, of how more than 7,000 people died on that flight and of how the Turks took their revenge and destroyed much of the property at Van. But that really belongs to a different story not in the tale of Neville Ussher. Do you wonder that often as he watches Boy Scout troops in this country Neville thinks of his Armenian Boy Scout friends in the days of the siege and wonders what may have become of them since that day?

IV.

"A GUEST OF THE GOVERNMENT"

How many of you boys and girls have visited one of our military camps or barracks and have thought how exciting it would be to live close by where you could watch all the army doings? This story is about someone who had just that chance and she found it much too exciting, as you will see. When war broke out in 1914 Miss Olive Vaughan was living with one other American woman in Hadjin (hah-jin'), Turkey. She was principal of the girls' school there and found her work for Armenians most interesting. If you will look on the map, you will see that Hadjin is an inland city some distance north of that gulf in which is the island of Cyprus. All this country (known as Cilicia) you have heard about in your study of Paul. Someone has said that Hadjin is really "a city in a well", for great mountains rise on all sides to 1000 feet above the plain.

Everything was quite peaceful in Hadjin till late in May, 1915, though no news of the outside world came to them there. Then all at once 2000 Turkish soldiers rode into the city and seized for their own use the Armenian schools and the American boys' school. After that the American property was always occupied by some of the troops. Miss Vaughan kept the friendly feeling of the officials and they were very polite in hearing her requests though they found many excuses for not granting them when they were about Armenians. Very soon the real sufferings began,—imprisonment, deportation, death for many of the Armenians, and poverty and fear for all. No amount of pleading on Miss Vaughan's part could persuade the officers not to take the school girls. She was allowed to keep only a few who were orphans. As for the rest she did what she could to comfort them before they went and to ease the journey. Within a few months almost all the Armenians had been driven from their homes.

Miss Vaughan kept friendly relations with the officials and was always told by them that they regarded her as the "guest of the government and would allow no hair of her head to be injured." But she had heard many promises made by those same officials to her Armenian friends and as many broken. In her anxiety to protect the little handful of teachers and pupils left to her and to keep the mission property uninjured, Miss Vaughan sent a messenger to the missionaries at Marash (mah-rahsh') saying that she thought her American companion ought to get away and asking that Mr. Lyman of Marash come to Hadjin to take charge. Mr. Lyman started at once but was met by government officials who refused very politely but very firmly to let him go

to Hadjin. Anxiously, he went back to Marash to watch for a chance to go to Miss Vaughan's help. But the chance was long in coming.

In October, 1915, after great trouble in getting permission, the American Ambassador sent a guard of soldiers to bring Miss Vaughan and the other American teacher out of Hadjin. He sent a message that he could not be responsible for their safety unless they would obey his request. Miss Vaughan made her decision quickly. "You go out," she said to her friend. "In that way the government can learn of our situation here. But I must stay with the people who are left."

When the party left, it was like shutting the door to the outside world. Miss Vaughan felt indeed that she was in a well. For the next four years she had just one message from America. An indirect word reached her early last year that her mother and father were still alive and well.

Miss Vaughan decided that the best possible thing she could do would be to open the school as usual and try to keep it running. So in the months of suffering and anxiety, she provided one bright spot in the lives of the girls. Some of the Turkish officers sent their daughters to her, and last year she had more than 200 girls in the school.

She spent a great deal of time helping the poor and sick from her own slender supplies of food and medicine. Of course no news reached her and her friends in America had only one or two indirect messages from her. She had no idea of how the war was going or of America's part in it. There were no newspapers in Hadjin.

Very few stories of how she spent her life have come to us even yet but one thing we have heard. When the Armenians were exiled, all those who knew anything of medicine or nursing were sent out with the rest. The Turks knew nothing of such things. Last fall when the influenza epidemic came to our country it was carried also to Turkey and in Hadjin it was especially dreadful. Miss Vaughan, though she knew little of nursing, was the only person in the place to care for, and doctor the sick. Night and day she nursed till her own strength was almost exhausted.

Just as she was ready to give up, sick and worn out by the long strain, relief came. Mr. Lyman, with the signing of the armistice, had made every effort to reach Hadjin. He had no idea what conditions he might find but he got there just in time. A few weeks of his help brought cheer and comfort to Miss Vaughan and the little band of Christians.

Mr. Lyman wrote a letter to America not very long ago. In it he said:—"What Miss Vaughan has endured these years alone would fill a book and read like a dime novel. It is a piece of heroism such as is not often heard of. She saw a large part of the population driven away and the city burned. She has done a doctor's work. There is scarcely a home in Hadjin where she has not saved at least one life."

Are we not proud of this representative of America?

RESCUED!

It was an anxious time in Marsovan (mar-so-vahn'), in June, 1915. The little group of American missionaries stationed there in charge of the schools, the college and the fine new hospital, knew not what a day would bring forth. Their worst fears were realized when one night, late in June, Turkish soldiers arrested a large number of prominent Armenians and put them in prison. Several nights in succession arrests were made, until 1,215 men had been taken. These men were then bound together in groups of five or six and sent away at night under guard. On a lonely road, three hours' journey from the city, the men, leaders of their people, were killed.

Soon after this the Turkish officials began to drive the Armenian people from their homes. All through July this went on until twelve thousand—men, women, children—had been sent out of the city and started on the long journey to Mosul (mo-sóol), five or six hundred miles away. The missionaries' homes were entered and searched; the students and teachers in the college, seventy-one in all, were driven out without time to prepare for the journey. Then on August 12th, the officials appeared at the Girls' School with fourteen carriages and load wagons and ordered the school girls to leave. With only the most hurried preparations for the journey, sixty-three persons, including students, teachers and servants were loaded into the wagons and carried away. Only two gray-haired teachers, some deaf children and two caretakers were spared. At the edge of the city the sad procession was halted and each girl was asked by the Turks whether she would give up Christ and accept the Moslem faith. Every girl was faithful to Christ. Two miles farther on the same thing was done again, but, although every girl knew that by denying Christ she might save her life, not one would deny Him.

In the meantime two heroic women, Miss Willard and Miss Gage, were doing their best to aid their helpless girls. From the local governor they secured permission to follow the party. At the end of their first day's journey they were told that they must turn back. Back they went to Marsovan to secure permission to follow further, but it was not until a week later that Miss Willard and Miss Gage were finally able to get the permit from the local governor, which would give them a safe journey to Sivas.

The quickest possible trip was necessary if the missionaries were to reach the Governor of the Province at Sivas and plead for their girls before it was too late. They telegraphed to the Governor begging him to keep the girls within his district until the missionaries could reach him, and then they trav-

eled on as fast as possible over the rough mountain roads. At noon of the third day they came into a village where good news awaited them. The girls had been there the night before and had left the village within two hours. They were able to learn also where the party was to stop for its noon rest. This was good news indeed! Miss Willard and Miss Gage pressed on, and four or five hours later drove up to the Inn where the girls and teachers were resting. It was a never-to-be-forgotten meeting.

Now was the time for Miss Willard and Miss Gage to see the Governor. To their surprise the whole party was allowed to stay in the building of the American Board's school for girls in Sivas, while Miss Willard and Miss Gage pled with the Governor to let them take the girls back to Marsovan, and sure enough he gave his consent.

From that time on, Miss Willard stayed in Marsovan keeping the Girls' School open. At one time she had nearly three hundred pupils. And then there were the orphans—61,000 of them around Marsovan—to be cared for. Can't you imagine how busy Miss Willard must have been?

You can imagine, too, how glad she was when Turkey finally surrendered and she could really hope for peace. Weeks later British troops came into the city and the British flag was hoisted in front of the government building where the Turkish flag had always been. But the gladdest day of all was in the spring of 1919 when word came from the Military Governor of the city that a United States Admiral was coming and that every honor would be shown him. Miss Willard just guessed that some of our missionaries would be in the party, coming back into Turkey after months away. She went out on the road to meet the guests and stood there waving an American flag. What do you suppose she saw? An automobile! there in the heart of Turkey! And in it was Mr. Pye, her fellow missionary who had been in America almost three years. He brought her the first news she had had from her mother for two years. Do you wonder that she said he was like an angel from Heaven?

VI.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN IN ERIVAN

What do you suppose you would do if you were in a big city away in the heart of Asia, and had around you 100,000 people (— times as many as in our whole town) who had no homes and almost no food or clothing just when the cold winter was coming on? You would certainly want to do something for them just as quickly as you could, but what do you think it would be? (Give the boys and girls a chance to make a few suggestions if they will.) Well, I'm going to tell you what one man did at a time like that.

In that terrible summer of 1915 when the Armenian people were driven from their homes by the Turks, thousands of the Armenians in Eastern Turkey were able to escape through the mountains to safety in Russia. They settled in what we call the Caucasus and very thankful they were to be there, even though they were homeless and sick and discouraged. At least they were safe!

Several of our missionaries in Eastern Turkey, who had been obliged to leave their stations at that same time, had come to America. As soon as possible they went back into the Caucasus to help the refugees. At the head of this relief party was Mr. Ernest Yarrow of Van, the same station where Neville Usher lived, you remember. They chose Erivan (er-e-vahn'), a Russian city of 14,000 people, as the center for their work, because the largest number of Armenians had fled to the province of which Erivan is a leading city. Think of the task which Mr. Yarrow and the other missionaries faced! Thousands of Armenians were around them, about 100,000 scattered through 400 villages. Their homes back in the mountains of Turkey had been destroyed. They had fled with only such clothing and household goods as they could carry, in their two or three hundred mile flight through the mountains. Many of them were living in rude shelters, with scanty food and clothing. It was hard to know what to do first.

Mr. Yarrow and his fellow-missionaries decided upon one plan; they would somehow find work for the people so that they could help themselves a little at least. But what work? Well, first of all something that they could do with their hands and which would keep the largest possible number busy; something that could be started with very little money; and something that would produce articles that all needed.

The answer was—wool! Immediately Mr. Yarrow began to buy the wool. Groups of men were set to work washing it at the river, as they do in Turkey. Then women—two hundred of them—were employed to card

the clean wool, not the way we do it in our big factories but the way our great grandmothers used to do it by hand, using combs that look something like the curry combs we use on horses. Then a thousand women took the carded wool and spun the best of it into yarn for socks so much needed. Another group of women took the wool not good for yarn and made "comfortables." Before long 5,000 of them had been made. How they helped in the cold houses where the people were living!

For the clothing that was so badly needed the relief workers bought cloth in Russia. Then they opened a shop where a number of refugee tailors cut out suits of clothing. Two hundred other tailors, men and women, made the garments in their homes. Sometimes they were able to finish as many as two or three hundred suits a day. Erivan is a cotton growing district, also. Six hundred women were employed spinning the cotton and making cloth for other clothing. For the spinning and weaving of all this woolen and cotton there must be spinning wheels and looms. That gave the carpenters among the refugees plenty of work. Very little money was given to any of these workers but they did receive enough to pay for part of their food at least, and so need not become beggars dependent upon the relief workers for everything.

Something must be done also for the children. At least 20,000 were scattered through the province, many of them without fathers and mothers and nearly all without fathers. Some of them were placed in orphanages and others were taken care of in their homes by giving their mothers a little money each month.

Can you imagine how grateful the men and women and little children were for all the loving care that the missionaries gave them? Unfortunately the relief work was much upset later, on account of fighting around Erivan between the Turks and Russians. But today the missionaries are still helping the Armenians in the Caucasus, and are hoping that the time will soon come when the refugees can go back to their own villages in Armenia.

VII.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN THE HEART OF TURKEY

In the heart of Eastern Turkey at the western end of beautiful Lake Van is the province, or Vilayet as they call it there, of Bitlis (beet-lis') (see map). The capital of the province is the city of Bitlis—a beautiful city in spite of all that has happened within it borders. Stone houses, little and big, nestle close in the valley or run half way up the steep sides of the mountains that surround the city closely. In the center of it all is a huge old stone fortress that has come down from very ancient days. To Bitlis a little less than a year before the war began—not quite six years ago, you see—came an American girl—Myrtle Shane, a Westerner, just out of a Western college. She loved the picturesque city with its wild mountain streams and its many bridges and she soon came to love, too, the girls with whom she lived and for whom she had come thousands of miles from home. She was only a girl herself and must often have been homesick in that year when she was getting used to strange surroundings and learning to talk in a foreign language. She had come to teach in the fine big American academy and she was one of a jolly group of six Americans all happily at work for the Armenian people.

Then suddenly came the news of war. It brought anxiety and trouble to Bitlis just as it did to so many cities all over the world. Not realizing what it all meant nor how dreadful the war was to be for Turkey, three of the Bitlis workers left for a year's rest and vacation in America. Hardly had they gone when down upon the city came the Turkish army in retreat before the Russian advance. They took their stand at Bitlis and days of suffering began for the city.

"Give up your arms," came the command of the soldiers to the Armenian people whom they hated. Later it was "Give money," and then "Give food," till it seemed as if there was nothing left to give. But there was one thing more. One day the soldiers marched through the city. Into every Armenian home they went and led out fathers and brothers and husbands and sons. Every man and boy was taken, pastors and doctors with the rest; even the boys. There was nothing that Miss Shane or Mr. Knapp could do. It was the order, the soldiers said, and the teachers had to stand back and see their friends led away to prison. They did not stay long in prison, however, within a few days they were taken outside the city and put to death.

In the midst of all this trouble, Miss Ely, the principal of the Girls' Academy, died. She had been caring for the school ever since she, with her sister, had founded it over forty years before. This new trouble had been too much

for her. Now indeed Miss Shane felt alone. Mr. Knapp was the only other American there and he, of course, was too busy to help much with the more than thirty girls at the Academy and the many frightened women who had fled for safety to the school.

One day the soldiers began driving the women and girls of the city from their homes and sending them out on the long march into exile. "Give up your school girls," they said to Miss Shane. "No," she replied firmly. "I will see the governor." Afraid? Perhaps she was as she went into the presence of that important and pompous Turkish official, but she didn't show it and she talked to him very firmly till he was so impressed by the young American woman that he gave her permission to keep her girls for a time. Again and again after that the safety of the girls was threatened and each time Miss Shane prevailed upon the governor to let them stay.

Meanwhile Miss Shane's friends in America and the Ambassador at Constantinople were very anxious about her. The Ambassador at last decided that he did not dare to leave her alone in authority. So he made all arrangements to have her brought to Harpoot (har-poot') where there was a large party of American missionaries. But Miss Shane had no notion of leaving. "I will stay with my girls," she said firmly. "I can give them perhaps a chance of safety." So she refused the Ambassador's order. But things became even worse, for in the summer Miss Shane caught the deadly typhus fever. In her illness her great anxiety was for her girls. Fortunately, one of the missionaries came from Van to care for her.

One day soldiers appeared in the house. They carried the order the teachers had so long been dreading. The Americans were to leave—every one. And then, Miss Shane knew, the authorities would take possession of the school girls. But Miss Shane had made one good friend who came to her rescue now in her time of trouble. He was a kind Turkish doctor who liked the young American for her bravery. At once he told the authorities that she was too sick to travel and demanded that they leave her friend with her. Mr. Knapp he could not save and the soldiers led him away to meet a mysterious death in another city.

Then, seeing how anxious Miss Shane was about her girls, the doctor agreed to take them as nurses in the great military hospital of which he had charge. He knew that with the training of the school they would make the best possible helpers and he promised Miss Shane to do the best he could to keep them safe.

When the authorities at last insisted that Miss Shane and her companion must leave and she came to America, she said always the same thing when people asked her questions: "My one regret is that I could not stay with them." We are glad that at last she has been allowed to go back and that she is planning such big things for the school and the people of Bitlis.

VIII.

THE CHRISTMAS GOVERNOR

I wonder what was the most exciting Christmas you ever spent? Can you remember? Well, this is the story of a young man who two years ago had a very interesting experience.

Mr. Isaac Camp started out from America in 1915, hoping to get into Turkey where he wanted to work for the people of Sivas. He knew that even if he couldn't reach that city there would be plenty for him to do for the refugees and orphans who had to be cared for by thousands. When he got as far as Cairo, Egypt, he found he could go no farther. You will see by the map that he was still a long way from Sivas.

Thousands of the Armenian exiles had fled out of Turkey and had come to Egypt worn out, dressed in rags, half-starved and sick. The British Government had gathered them in great camps and there they were being cared for by the Red Cross. Some of our own American missionaries had been asked by the Red Cross to help and were working hard there while they waited to be allowed to enter Turkey. Mr. Camp joined this party and for some months worked with it and with the British Y.M.C.A. Then, at last, he was asked to join the Intelligence service of the British army and was made a lieutenant in the Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

It was at that thrilling time in 1917 when General Allenby was beginning the great drive which all the world hoped would put the Turkish army out of the Holy Land. The British troops had been gathered together for the strike and they were splendidly equipped. Aeroplanes, tanks, artillery and infantry—what strange things these were to be seen in Bible lands! The men, too, were interesting to Lieutenant Camp, for there were soldiers from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, from Australia, New Zealand and India, from Italy and France. Slowly, day by day, they pushed on, often in the wilderness for days without water; sometimes working their way up steep mountains; sometimes in mud and rain, and always in the most piercing cold. Yet we are told that in spite of all the hardships they were almost always cheerful, for one and all these Tommies of every nation realized what it would mean if they could really capture Palestine.

Their way led over roads familiar in Bible times—from Dan to Beersheba and up the Gaza road. Over that same road armies and armies had passed before—troops under the old kings of Egypt and Assyria, troops under Alexander the Great, under Napoleon and under Richard the Lion Hearted.

The first of December, following victories at Gaza and at Jaffa, the seaport of Jerusalem, all discouragement left the soldiers. They could see Jerusalem, the Holy City. Inside the city the Turkish Army waited expecting General Allenby to bring up all his artillery and aeroplanes to capture the city at once. But Allenby's plan was different. If he did that, the city might be destroyed. Surely, it would be injured, and General Allenby was unwilling that a single stone should be harmed.

He assembled his divisions far to the north, to the south and to the west, on the coast. Then slowly he closed in from all sides until Jerusalem surrendered, on December 9th. On December 7th they drew near the beautiful old town of Bethlehem—just five miles outside the Holy City. Bethlehem, the town where Christ was born, was in the hands of the Turks. Allenby gave the honor of freeing Bethlehem to the Tommies of England and Wales, who especially wanted it. They planned to do it without dropping a single shell into the town, lest some of the holy places be injured. A Turkish battery on the edge of the town fired straight at them. But the English troops kept on, not answering the Turkish fire by a single shot till they were near enough to take the town by bayonet and musketry; and the Turks, amazed at such courage, surrendered. Bethlehem was once more free.

Then General Allenby felt obliged to appoint an acting military governor to take charge of Bethlehem till the real governor should be chosen and should arrive. That is how it happened that on December 9th, Lieutenant Camp rode into the town where Christ was born with his division of troops from many lands. Everywhere he was greeted with smiles, sometimes tears of joy, as the people realized what this entrance into their town meant for them after nearly 1300 years of Turkish rule. It is no wonder that cries of welcome went up as the battalions rode by.

Colonel Camp (for while he was governor his title was Lieutenant-Colonel) found much to do. There had been military governors with battalions of soldiers in Bethlehem before, but always Turkish and very different from this Christian soldier, who was also a missionary.

First of all, Colonel Camp put a guard at each of the famous holy places that no harm might come to them, since they were sacred to so many people all over the world. Then he must feed the people and help them to go back to their old ways of living. The Turks had taken money, stores, supplies and sometimes the very buildings from them and they had cut down the olive and orange trees for fuel. The coming of the British meant that they could live once more in peace. With Colonel Camp came the Red Cross to care for the sick and orphans and help in the feeding of the crowds of poor women and children.

Then Christmas came. Many a Christmas before Colonel Camp had heard that hymn,

"O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by."

This Christmas of 1917 he walked the streets of that same little town and at midnight on Christmas eve went to the service in the church of the Nativity, that service to celebrate the coming of the King of kings, which for years had been held in secret.

Think of spending Christmas in Christ's birthplace! We should think that wonderful at any time, but to spend it on the first birthday after the tyrant had been defeated and Christ could be freely worshipped; and to spend it, as an American, but as England's military governor of Bethlehem—that would indeed be thrilling, would it not?

For three busy weeks he was in charge. Then, he gladly gave up his responsibilities as head of the city and had more time for the kind of work he especially wanted to do. He has been promoted to a Captaincy since then, but we shall proudly remember him as the American who as soldier and leader governed Bethlehem at the Christmas season.

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